VOLUME XIV. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1889. NUMBER 359.

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NOT HER FAULT.

"WHAT AN ENIGMA YOU ARE, NELL!"
"WHY?"
"I NEVER KNOW HOW TO TAKE YOU."
"YOU'VE NEVER TRIED."

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This exquisite perfume is made from the true violets. In the past the high price of the genuine violet perfume has prevented many from indulging in this luxury, but the price of this article makes it a necessity to those who love the flower. The remembrance of the cheap imitations of violet water and extracts should not prevent all lovers of violets from trying this delicious perfume.

For Sale in 8 oz., 4 oz. and small size bottles.

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VOLUME XIV. · LIFE · NUMBER 359.

AMONG THE 400.

THE Llawson Spencers will soon occupy their new house ($120,000) in Fifty-seventh Street. The Llawson Spencers, as most of our readers know, are members of one of New York's most ancient families, having disported themselves in affluence since 1690. Also have they borne arms upon their carriage door for two generations. The Llawson Spencers are naturally somewhat annoyed at the report recently circulated that Herbert Spencer, of England, is a relative of theirs. This man Spencer puts on very little style, displays no coat of arms, and knows nothing of New York fashionable society. The mischievous person who originated this calumny should be made an example.

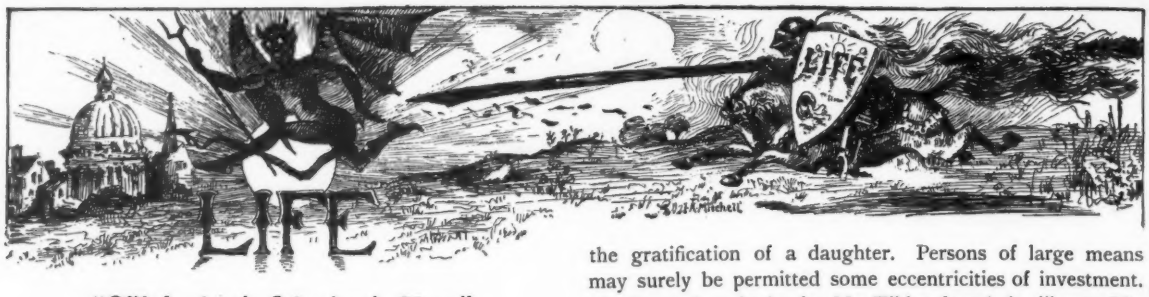
Mrs. Downyng Swann, a daughter-in-law of Midas Bond ($12,000,000), came very near getting her feet wet last Wednesday.

Mr. W. Hammerdown Brent, *alias* Wm. H. Brent, swallowed the head of his cane on Monday.

Quite a flurry was created in the Union Club last Friday by Mr. G. Whympson Latrobe asserting that the members of that club were a "set of useless old scandal-mongers." Mr. Brynkerly Gaul retaliated by saying that the Knickerbocker Club was composed of "brainless tailors' dummies." Reporters from the leading New York dailies have been interviewing the two gentlemen, and it is to be hoped that ample details of the affair will be published.

"WELL, I SEE OLD MITHOMER HAS DIED AT LAST."
"YES; IT WAS A SAD LOSS TO ME."
"I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A FRIEND OF HIS."
"NO; I WAS HIS PHYSICIAN."

"WHAT ARE YOU?" SCREAMED THE CYCLONE.
"I'M AN OCEAN GREYHOUND," SAID THE STEAMER, "AND I AM A RECORD SMASHER."
"ARE YOU, INDEED!" WHISTLED THE CYCLONE, "WELL, I AM SOMETHING OF A SMASHER MYSELF." AND THE GREYHOUND CAME INTO PORT THREE DAYS LATE WITH MOST OF HER RIGGING GONE.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XIV. NOVEMBER 14, 1889. No. 359.

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MR. COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON loves to gratify those who are dear to him, and the size of his pile enables him at times to give amazing evidence of the strength of his affections. The story of his regard for the late Mr. Dorsheimer, and of his favorite remedy for that gentleman's insomnia, will be recalled. When Mr. Dorsheimer was worrying over his attempt to make a daily newspaper without knowing how, Mr. Huntington found that ten-thousand-dollar checks made him sleep better at night, and many a night's rest Mr. Dorsheimer was understood to have enjoyed through the agency of his friend's narcotic.

Mr. Huntington's purchase of Prince Hatzfeldt for the use of his adopted daughter is such an operation as might have been expected from a man of his nature. Learning that his daughter regarded the prince with a favorable eye, he went abroad, viewed the situation, formed an opinion as to the prince, assured himself of his daughter's sentiments, ascertained what was the prince's gross value and how heavily he was incumbered, and finally rapped down the hard money on the counter and took him. If there was any haggling between His Highness and Mr. Huntington nobody knows it. So far as transpired our man's behavior was wholly large-minded and handsome. When he found that he could use Hatzfeldt in his family that was enough. He drew checks as though he were a British syndicate buying an American brewery.

* * *

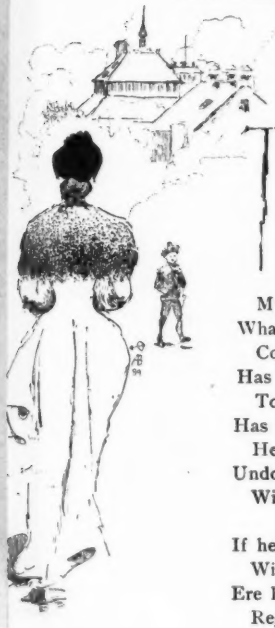
LIFE frankly congratulates Hatzfeldt on his father-in-law. Not Colonna himself has a better one, or one who will do for him with less creaking of the pocket. Whether to congratulate Mr. Huntington on his acquisition is another thing. On any just system of value Prince Hatzfeldt would probably be considered worthless, and $2,000,000 is a good deal to sink on an unproductive investment. Still, if one has millions enough, two of them are not too much to spend on the gratification of a daughter. Persons of large means may surely be permitted some eccentricities of investment. Mr. Lenox bought books, Mr. Tilden founded a library, Mr. Stanford founded a university; among other curios left by the late Mr. Vanderbilt we find a Shepard, and Mr. Mackay includes a costly cable, as well as a Colonna, in his collection. Our millionaires must have their fun; each must have his in his own way, and we must let them.

* * *

IF Miss Caldwell had only had a liberal man of large business experience to manage her affair for her, her bridal dress would not be hanging, as it was at last accounts, on a dummy at Worth's. With a woman's irrepressible craving for a bargain she seems to have tried to get her prince too cheap and offered him so paltry an income that he was able to make better arrangements elsewhere. The traditional difference between a man buyer and a woman buyer was never better illustrated than in the contrasted cases of Mr. Huntington and Miss Caldwell—the man willing to pay a round price for something he wants, the woman willing to buy something she doesn't need, but only if it is to be had at a bargain.

Because Murat was old and wrinkled, a widower with grown children, more or less disreputable, and only three removes from very common stock, it was natural for Miss Caldwell to suppose that a moderate figure would fetch him. She omitted to recall that princes with historical names and a standing in society are valuable not for their beauty or their intrinsic worth, but because of their scarcity. Murats, happily, are rare, and have been marked up repeatedly until now, though not much in demand, they command a fair price when taken. Miss Caldwell ought to have found out all about that before a stitch was taken in her trousseau, and she ought to have remembered, too, that no one would be likely to put a higher value on the man she was going to marry than she herself. It was to her interest, in a way, to bid him in at a good round figure, so that he might show a respectable quotation on the tape. If she had been more of a man and more of an operator she would have been too proud to permit her Murat stock to come crawling through the ticker with bears on its back, while Huntington-Hatzfeldt was having such a boom. Poor Miss Caldwell! Her affair has come to a safe ending, but not to a brilliant one. If she retains any further hankering for a princely station she would do well to put her affairs and a sufficient lump of her surplus revenue into the hands of Mr. Huntington, who understands the business of negotiation and would be sure to do her credit.

THE SONG OF AN ABSENT-MINDED MINSTREL.



WHAT the deuce can I have done to
Cause her Ladyship to smart?
When I thought I'd just begun to
Captivate my Lady's heart.
All for her I've sat from one to
Five A. M. full many a time,
Grinding out a sonnet none too
Choice perhaps in point of rhyme.
THEN when I could not have penned a
'Nother line to save my soul,
All for her I've sung a tender
Love song or a barcarolle.
On this very night I played for
Full an hour beneath her sill
On my lute, and was repaid for
My devotion—simply *nil!*
What's the reason of this seeming
Coldness on my Lady's part?
Has some other cuss been scheming
To estrange my Lady's heart?
Has some cad been alienating
Her affections from myself—
Undone all my weeks of waiting
With a pocketful of pelf?
[*Incidental music.*
If he has and hasn't made his
Will by now he might as well,
Ere he finds himself in Hades,
Region better known as—
Well!
What an ass I am—*I've* got it!
That is why she seems to frown,
Cannot think how I forgot it—
Why, my Lady's out of town!

O. H.

A DISTINCTION.

"WHAT is your salary, Dr. Stiggins?"
"My salary," said the clergyman slowly, "is $3,000. But my pay is about $1,200."

THE labor movement is spreading. Prince Murat has struck against being husband to an American girl when the job brought only $10,000 a year.

EXAMINER: State who was the author of the phrase "What's in a name?" and illustrate its meaning.

CANDIDATE: Bacon. Tony Pastor's isn't a swell theatre.

"WHAT struck you most in the equatorial regions?" asked a gentleman of a traveler.
"The sun," was the reply.

MAN is the only animal that draws a salary.

"RECKON NEITHER OF US COULDN'T FILL DAT POSITION, WILLIUM! LET'S TRY WHERE DEY KEEPS SMALLER SIZES."

Mr. Cumberback: ISN'T THAT MISS WALKER? THEY SAY SHE'S SUCH A JOLLY GIRL—I SHOULD LIKE TO MEET HER.

Miss Stonewall: YOUR CHANCES ARE PRETTY GOOD AS SHE DOESN'T RIDE MUCH BETTER THAN YOU DO AND YOU MAY BE THROWN TOGETHER.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND:

Previously acknowledged!	$8,351.81
Elinor Wright and Bessie Whipple—money earned for the Fresh Air Fund at Portland Me.	2.50
Total	$8,354.31

"IT WAS NOT," SAID THE TRAGEDIAN WHEN NARRATING THE ANECDOTE, "THAT I OBJECTED TO THE MANNER OF HIS CARRYING ME OFF—ALTHOUGH GOODNESS KNOWS THAT WAS BAD ENOUGH—BUT THE IDIOT IN TAKING HOLD OF ME TORE MY TIGHTS AND THE PADDING WAS SEEN BY MY VERY BEST GIRL, WHO HAPPENED TO BE SEATED IN THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE!"

HOW IT OCCURRED.

BLACK (*an expert stenographer*): Say, Green, the boy from the *Journal* office is here after the transcript of that temperance lecture. Is it most finished?

GREEN (*a novice*): All but a short sentence in about the middle of it, and I'll be hanged if I can make out from my notes what it is.

BLACK: Just insert "great applause," and let it go.

Green acts upon suggestion, and the lecture is sent to the *Journal* office for publication with the doctored part reading: "Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer." [*Great applause.*]

NEW YORK HOTEL CLERK (*to bellboy*): See what the rumpus is in 621.

BELLBOY (*returning*): Col. Bluegrass is mad because there's a pitcher of water in his room.

CLERK: But that's not to drink. That's to wash in.

BELLBOY: That's what I told him, and he got madder still. He wanted to know if they thought he was a heathen. He said he washed before he started away from home.

SPEAKING about party lyin's—but stop; election is over, and we won't.

THEIR FAVORITE SONGS.

PRESIDENT HARRISON—Dar's Heaps of Trouble on de Ole Man's Mind.

SENATOR EVARTS—Where Did You Get That Hat?

NAPOLEON IVES—It May Be Four Years and it May Be For Ever.

JAY GOULD—Little Drops of Water.

WARD MCALLISTER—Old Hundred. (*Repeated four times.*)

THE STOCK EXCHANGE—Mary Had a Little Lamb—Little Lamb—Little Lamb.

ROSWELL P.—'Tis But a Little Faded Flower.

CORPORAL TANNER—Out in the Cold World.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW—Some Day.

ELLIOT F. SHEPARD—And Every Day Will be Sunday Over There.

GENERAL SHERMAN—Marching Through Georgia.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY—Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms.

CHICAGO—Blow, Ye Winds of the Morning! Blow, Blow, Blow!

THE SUGAR TRUST—In the Sweet Buy and Buy.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT—I've Fifteen Dollars in My Inside Pocket. *Metcalfe.*

LADY OF THE HOUSE: Why, you are the same man to whom I gave a loaf of my home-made bread the other day.

TRAMP: Yes, mum; and I merely came around to show you that I was still alive.

THE LATEST.

Farmer Wayback: NOW, HANNER, THAT'S WHAT I CALL SUPERNARTERAL. I'LL SPEND A NICKEL ANY TIME TO SEE SUCH A MIRACLE.

HIS FIRST-BORN.

Young Father: By Jove! He's a queer-looking duffer. Wouldn't suspect he belonged to one of the 400, would you?
The Doctor: I'm not so sure of that; there's very little expression in his face.

NEW BOOKS.

The Last Assembly Ball. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

Backgammon and Draughts. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.

Cycling Art, Energy, and Locomotion. By Robert P. Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Sforza. A Story of Milan. By William Waldorf Astor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

To the Lions. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Gerald Ffrench's Friends. By George H. Jessop. New York: Longmans, Green & Company.

A Family Tree. By Brander Matthews. New York: Longmans, Green & Company.

St. Nicholas for 1889. Two Bound Volumes. New York: The Century Company.

The Century Magazine. Volume XXXVIII. New York: The Century Company.

Quicksands. By J. J. Fleetwood. New York: The Minerva Publishing Company.

Between Times. Poems. By Walter A. Learned. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.

"I HAVE here an article on 'How To Manage a Wife,'" remarked a man, as he advanced to the editor's desk.

"You are unmarried, I believe," replied the editor.

"Yes, why?"

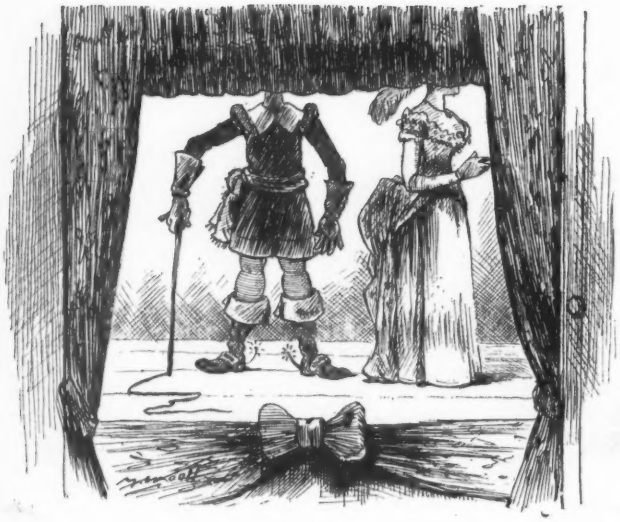
"Nothing, [illegible]"

A SOLEMN MOMENT.

"Ignored! Not so much as a passing glance by way of recognition. I see how it is—the ice cream season is over and she has no further use for me. (*Uncovering.*) Hear me, ye gods! From this time forth no further use have I for woman's smiles and protestations. I shall ignore the entire sex, and although they may plead, the heart of Kotzebue Duffy will remain adamant!"

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER OBJECTS TO

ECTS TO THE INVASION OF HIS PARK.



SEASIDE THEATRICALS.

THE QUARREL SCENE FROM THE "TAMING OF THE SHREW," AS GIVEN ON AN IMPROVISED STAGE BY THE GIFTED AMATEURS, MR. LE * * * AND MRS. DE * * *

(*The performance was a very pronounced success, and the lady will join the professional ranks as soon as the usual divorce proceedings have terminated.*)

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

DIDN'T LET HIM FINISH.

Greenbagge: NEVER TOUCH A CASE, MY BOY, THAT YOUR CONSCIENCE WILL NOT PERMIT YOU TO ADVOCATE AND—

Briefless (interrupting): WHY, LOOK HERE, I HEARD YOU DEFENDING HUNGRY MIKE, THE BURGLAR, ONLY THE OTHER DAY!

Greenbagge: AND, AS I WAS ABOUT TO SAY, YOU MIGHT AS WELL ABANDON YOUR PROFESSION.

BETWEEN OUR RIBS.

THE *Arkansaw Traveller* had the audacity to make sport of the great city of New York in this wise:

Absolute Rest. — In a New York newspaper office. City Editor (*to reporter*): Billings, you are overworked. Billings: I fear so, sir. City Editor: You need absolute rest, Billings, and must have it. Go out and report the donations made to the World's Fair Committee.

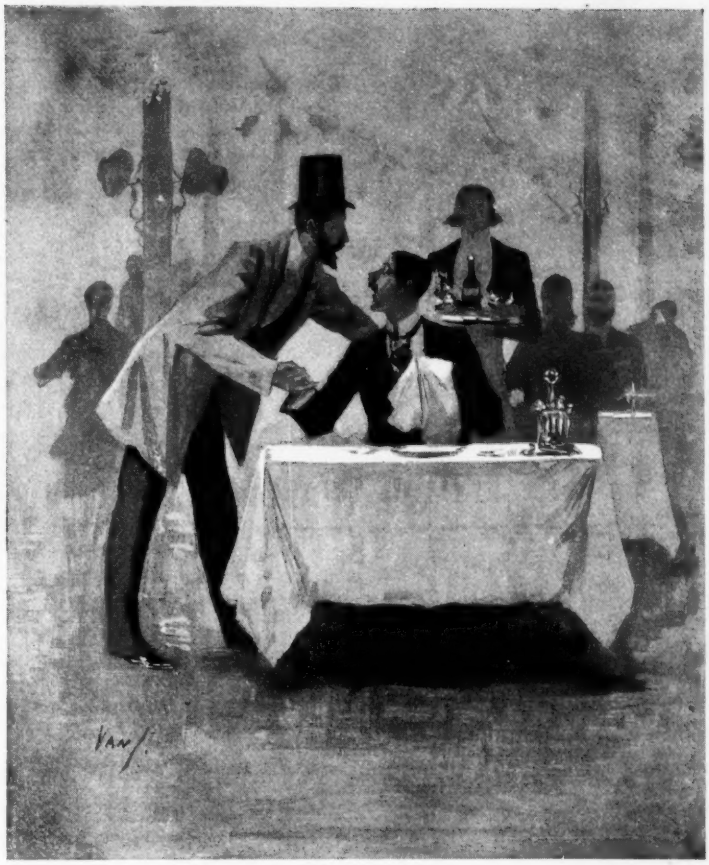
None could better appreciate the wit and satire of this than ourselves, dear *Traveller*, but you must remember that every dollar we subscribe is a dollar toward destroying our Park. We are with you every time in your views of the gifted patriots who compose the committee. And, moreover, when it is a question as to the generosity of our citizens do not forget the headlong enthusiasm with which we erected that magnificent monument to General Grant. It is true we cannot raise money enough for a marble arch in Fifth Avenue, but we had a wooden one there for a little while.

LINES ON ETIQUETTE.

MY dearest girl, I beg you 'll not
Begin your sentences "Oh, say!"
Eschew likewise "the soup," "Great Scott!"
For slang, my love, is not *au fait*.

Carlyle Smith.

"HOW is George getting on?"
"Not very well. He's a detective you know, and they never get on."



Mr. H.: CONGRATULATIONS, OLD FELLOW. BOY OR GIRL?
Mr. B. (*sorrowfully*): BOTH.

"DINNIS, DARLINT, I HAD HIM SHTRIPED IN REMIMBRANCE OF OUR BOY BARNEY, WHO DIED A YEAR AGO THIS BLISSID DAY IN SING-SING.

FOR POSTERITY.

SAMSON JOBBONE: Better let me write you a life policy in the Gaza Mutual. You ought to be providing for your children.

STUBBS (*wearily*): Oh, they are all fixed. I have several articles accepted by magazines that pay on publication.

A PRUDENT SPELLBINDER.

MR. GOODHEART (*to old friend at a banquet*): Say, Colonel, it's getting late. Why don't you make a speech? Shall I propose a toast for you to —

COL. SILVERTONGUE (*noted after-dinner speaker*): For mercy sake, not yet. It will ruin my reputation. The audience isn't half drunk enough.

"DID you say your son was one of the Directors in a newspaper corporation?"
"Yes; he directs all the wrappers for the city subscribers."

OLD saws are filed in a Dictionary of Proverbs.

"WANT A SHINE, BOSS?"
"I DON'T KNOW. DO I NEED IT?"

COULDN'T AFFORD TO REFORM.

BENEVOLENT OLD GENTLEMAN: I'm sorry to see you smoking cigarettes.

BOY: Some I. Cigars is too high though.

DUDE: Good morning, Mr. Shears. I have a little tale, I

BARBER: A little tale, eh? I always thought you would turn out to be the Missing Link.

"AND now," said the colored preacher, "let us pray for the people on the uninhabited portions of the earth."

THE LAY OF THE ANCIENT CORYPHEE.

IT is an ancient ballet-girl,
And she stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long, sharp nose and sunken eye,
Now, wherefore stop'st thou me?

"The strong stage doors are opened wide,
And I am going in;
The music sounds, the scene is set—
May'st hear the merry din."

She holds him with her skinny hand;
"There was a Co." quoth she—
"Hold off! Unhand me, ancient dame,
Or I'll be late, you see!"

She holds him with her glittering eye;
The sickly dude stands still,
And listens like a patient child—
The old girl has her will.

The dude sat on an oaken bench—
He cannot choose but hear—
And thus spoke on the ancient dame
As she eyed him with a leer:

"Nigh twenty years ago, young man,
The 'Black Crook' was the rage;
The coryphées of riper years
Assembled on the stage.

"Ah, boy! we were a merry lot,
And gayly danced each night;
The bald-head row was always filled,
The house was never light.

"And in that merry throng of swells
Your father often sat;
Aye, and his aged father, too!
We all can swear to that.

"Of course, the swells were there in force;
They stamped and cheered and yelled;
And when at last the play was done,
Wine-spreads were ofttimes held."

Then the old dame heaved a sigh,
And tear-stained was her cheek;
The sickly dude, impatient still,
Cried, "Speak, old woman, speak!"

"One word and I have done," she said.
"It pains me much, I say,
That the modern dude, unlike his dad,
Should neglect the coryphée.

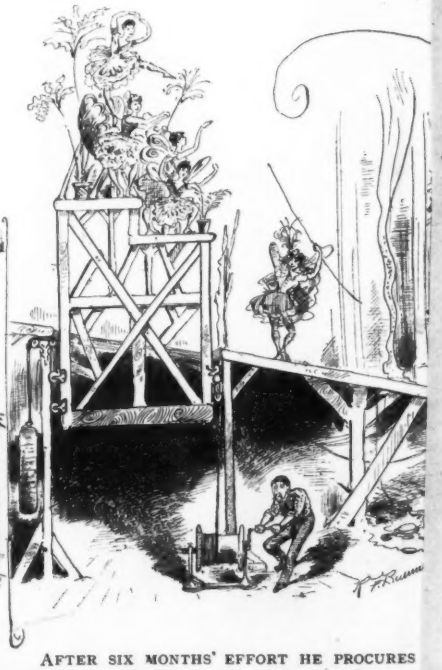
"It is the same old show to-night,
The same old girls, 'tis true;
We caper and we pose and dance
Much as we used to do.

"'Tis half-past eight—I soon go on;
But one thing you should know:
The times are changed, my mild young man,
From twenty years ago."

Clarence Hyde.

A CLOSE OBSERVER.

MR. VAN ASTORBILK MURRAY, THE DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR ACTOR, HAVING ENCOUNTERED FINANCIAL REVERSES, DECIDES THAT HE WOULD BE WILLING TO ELEVATE THE PROFESSIONAL STAGE FOR $50 A NIGHT.



AFTER SIX MONTHS' EFFORT HE PROCURES SITUATION WHERE HE CAN ELEVATE THE PROFESSIONAL STAGE AT A SALARY OF $3 A WEEK.

AVT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

PRODLEY: I hear you've been getting married.
TOOKER: Yes.
PRODLEY: Whom did you marry?
TOOKER: Milly Jones, her mother, her stepfather and two maiden aunts.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SALESMAN: Well, whatcher want?
CUSTOMER: I want to buy a hat.
SALESMAN: Why didn't yer say so? Move lively now. This ain't no morgue!
CUSTOMER: I don't like to be spoken to like that.
SALESMAN: Yer don't? Well, whatcher stoppin' the wheels 'f trade fer? Did yer ever see a real hat?
CUSTOMER: That's enough! Good day.
SALESMAN: Just wait a moment, sir. I recognize you as the ticketseller at the Imperial Central Station. I tried to buy a ticket of you yesterday, and I've just endeavored to give you an imitation of the way you treated me. What's the size, sir?—*Puck.*

CHIPPIE: Yaas, Gladstone is a gweat man, but I'd wather be Bwight, doncherknow!
CHAPPIE: John Bwight is dead, deah boy.
"Aw, I mean the fellah who intwoduced Bwight's disease. The Pwince has taken it up, doncherknow!—*Boston Times.*

SOME years ago when Judge H. G. Hicks was not as prosperous as he has been in later years he owed a little bill of twenty-five dollars to a well-known firm and one of the members came to see him about it. The judge, then a plain colonel, lately returned from the war, frankly confessed that he was "busted" and asked for an extension of time. "Can't do it," said the gentleman; "if you don't pay it we'll have to sue you." "How can I pay when I haven't got the money?" asked the colonel; "all I want is a little time." "Well, we'll have to bring suit," said the gentleman, as he started off. "Hold on," said the colonel, as a bright idea struck him; "if you must sue me, why not give me the case? You will have to employ some lawyer." "That's so," said the gentleman; "all right, bring the suit." Colonel Hicks brought the suit, confessed judgment, sent in his bill for fifty dollars attorney's fee, collected it, then settled the judgment. From that time on he had all the firm's law business.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

DR. BURTON and Dr. Gage were ministers of two Congregational churches in Hartford and excellent friends. Like many other clergymen they loved a joke, especially at each other's expense. Dr. Gage had traveled abroad and since his return had been delivering a course of lectures upon Old World subjects. One of the lectures—on Palestine—had been thought not so interesting as the others, and on its second delivery many of the auditors withdrew before it was finished. Not long afterward Dr. Gage's house was entered by a burglar. Dr. Gage was giving Dr. Burton an account of the affair. "Why, Doctor, I had him down flat on his back; I held him there; he couldn't move an inch."
"Good!" said Dr. Burton. "But what a splendid opportunity that was to have delivered to him your lecture on Palestine!"—*Argonaut.*

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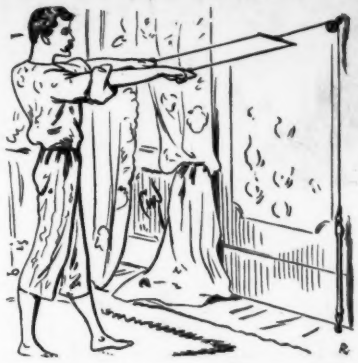

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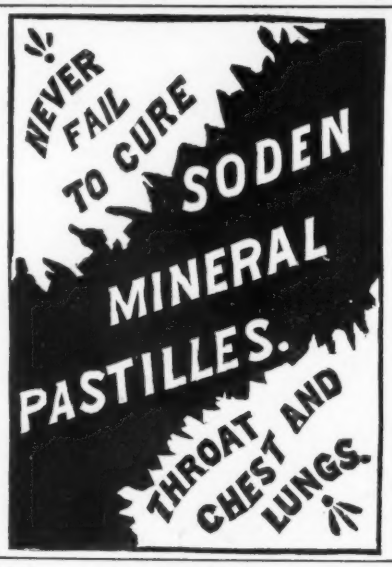

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